

I reclaim my vocabulary, where epistemology and deoxy-
ribonucleic march arm-in-arm with fuck and shit and
piss and come.

I reclaim my cock, the soul's divining rod.

I reclaim my Smith and Wesson, offering friend and foe
its barrel — in peace.

I reclaim my guitar, locked in its case of dreams, which
I reclaim.

I reclaim my hippie hair from fashion's Hall of Mocking
Laughter.

I reclaim my bank account, which everyone knows more
about than me.

I reclaim my bones, skeleton in my body's closet.

I reclaim my erogenous zones, best friends a body ever
had.

I reclaim my happy childhood from adult cynicism,
my good parents from neglect and psychoanalytic lies.

I reclaim my Dixieland records, exploding cigars in the
mouth of Cool.

I reclaim my high spirits.

I reclaim my optimism from the blizzard where I left it,
naked, smiling foolishly.

I reclaim the right to reclaim anything that I'm for-
getting any time.

I reclaim my good name, which I've mumbled and written
sloppily,

which I've allowed the unworthy to speak, prefacing
orders, but which I now reclaim, and place on a gold
throne,

and proclaim its owner, wearing a cocky grin, which I
reclaim, to be the sun

around which everything revolves, and on which everything
depends.

WARNINGS IN SEARCH OF A WOMAN TO WHOM THEY DIN'T APPLY

Beware of the man who praises liberated women;
he is planning to quit his job.

— Erica Jong

Beware of the woman who praises independence;
she is planning a coup.

Beware of the woman who accepts abuse;
she is collecting ammunition.

Beware of the woman who doesn't nag;
she doesn't care.

Beware of the woman who does nag;
she cares too much.

Beware of the woman who wants children;
she wants you to support them.

Beware of the woman who doesn't want children;
she doesn't know what she wants.

Beware of the woman who wants a "liberated" man;
she is looking for a slave.

Beware of the woman who comes with no strings attached;
she killed her last puppetmaster.

Beware of the woman who comes too easily;
she will go easily, too.

Beware of the woman who masturbates;
she wants to prove she doesn't need you.

Beware of the woman who doesn't masturbate;
she will need you too much.

Beware of the woman who issues ultimatums and pronouncements;
her inactions speak louder than words.

Beware of the woman who reads MS Magazine at lunch;
she will put rat poison in your tv dinner.

Beware of the woman who tells you all her secrets;
she has something to hide.

Beware of Radical Women;
they are Good Old Boys rolled over.

Beware of the woman who wants to mother you;
she'll only love you in diapers.

Beware of the woman who runs for President;
she is no different from the man who runs.

Beware of the woman who loves policemen;
she expects to be raped and murdered.

Beware of the woman who didn't like dolls;
she will steal your Tonka trucks.

Beware of the woman who adored dolls;
babies will disillusion her.

Beware of the woman who embraces feminism;
she does not caress your balls out of love.

Beware of the woman who promises undying love;
she wants to haunt you.

Beware of the woman who promises "understanding;"
she will use it against you.

Beware of the woman who, reading this, laughs too much,
or scowls;
she'll never understand.

DR. INVISIBLE AND MR. HYDE

— for Ron Koertge

Like a low tide, the Malibu girl's
green bikini bottom has rolled back,
exposing white crescents above her
legs' tan-line. Her bra-straps lie
like handlebars beside her on the sand,
cups peeling down from breasts as white
and curved and smooth as ostrich eggs.

"I'd like to hide in the girls' locker-
room," I say. "And watch her change."
"Yeah," says Ron, "Or be invisible,
and follow her home." While our peers
plod through Coping With Middle Age,
we prowl L.A., and dream of roaming,
unseen, through showers and bedrooms,
crouching behind the Doctor's screen
at the Clinic for Young Actresses and Models,
slipping backstage at the Bikini Festival,
our eyes, like God's, everywhere.

As younger guys than we write wills
and prepare to die, Ron and I feed
raw flesh to the boys still alive
and well inside us, the same boys
who risked buckshot and juvie hall
to peer through neighbors' blinds
at panty-girdles, slips, and harness-bras.

What, after all, is growing old,
but ceasing to desire? What
is death but hiding underground,
a sure-fire way to be invisible?